

Editorial Rooms of "The Independent."

No. 3 Park Place,

P. O. Box 2787.

New York, Dec. 7, 1870.

My Dear Garrison,

Your article was duly received, but necessarily postponed. It will appear this week.

Confidentially, I will inform you that the owner of which you speak is too true. Mr. Tilton's connection with the Independent will cease with the present year, if not even sooner; and I have resigned my place. Who will succeed Theodore I do not know; it may be Gilbert Haven, and it may be some one else. Strictly speaking, Mr. Bowen himself will succeed him; for, as

I understand it, he means hereafter
to exercise plenary power ~~of~~ over
whomsoever he may employ in the
editorial room. Theodore has been
independent, under a written con-
tract, which is now to be terminated.

What the paper will be in the
future I cannot positively say;
but it will no longer be what
it has been in respect to such
writers as yourself. In short,
I suppose it will be avowedly
and positively orthodox, and
that the "heretics," if permitted
to write for it at all, will
be kept in the back seats and
cold corners.

Nothing unpleasant has

occurred between Mr. Bowen and Mr. Tilton; still less between Mr. B. and myself. He has treated me in a manner wholly unexceptionable. He did not even ask me to resign; but of course the change in the attitude of the paper makes it impossible for me to remain. I think that Mr. Bowen will find that he has made a great mistake, pecuniarily as well as religiously. But of course that ^{is} his own affair, as he is the exclusive owner of the paper.

What I shall do remains to be seen. I may take a place on the Tribune or on the Brooklyn Union; or I may go ^{in the Spring} to my little farm in Chester Co., resting

meanwhile from editorial work. My connection with the Independent has been very pleasant, but I am not unhappy in view of the change.

I was summoned by telegraph to the funeral (to be held to-morrow at Longwood) of our dear friend Maria Agnew (widow of Allen), but I could not leave the office in these closing days of my labors on the Independent. Mary Anne had made arrangements to go, but this morning she did not feel strong enough, and so gave up the plan.

With love for Helen and the rest of your household, I am, my dear Garrison (only 5 years behind you as to age).

Your unwavering friend,

Oliver Johnson.